

THE LIE-HATER:

A COMEDY.

Translated from the German of Kotzebue.

CHARACTERS:

LORD DERBY.

HUNTINGDON, a young painter.

BARONET OLDCASTLE.

RALPH, his servant.

THOMAS, coachman

HENRY, servant

EVELINA, lord Derby's daughter.

HANNAH, her maid.

} of LORD DERBY.

SCENE.—An island on the Scottish coast. A garden saloon, belonging to Lord Derby's castle. In the back ground are glass doors looking out upon the park.

(Enter HANNAH and RALPH, from different sides.)



HANNAH. Is it you, Ralph, really?

Ralph. What! Do you know me still!

Hannah. Blockhead! it is hardly three months since we parted in Edinburgh.

Ralph. Three months! and you still remember me?

You are, indeed, the queen of all faithful maidens!

Hannah. Jestings aside, I have longed for you as a sick man longs for death.

Ralph. Very much obliged.

Hannah. It is impossible for me to remain any longer in this vale of tears.

Ralph. Ah! How so? Are you not serving a Cræsus?

Hannah. If every grain of the sand on our sea-shore were gold, I would not remain any longer. We are fixed here upon an island, looking right and left upon the open sea; before us are cliffs, and behind us rocks; in the spring we hear the wild geese gabble and envy Robinson Crusoe, for having found human foot-prints, at least, in the sand.

Ralph. Is your master such a man hater?

Hannah. He is a lie-hater. He would assemble men around him, by the thousand, if they only spoke the truth.

Ralph. A strange fancy!

Hannah. It is just that which has driven him into this cursed solitude. In the world, no body would have any thing more to do with him.

Ralph. Very naturally.

Hannah. In his youth he was a great favorite with, I do not remember what, prince, until the truth-fever attacked him, even at court.

Ralph. Then his day of grace was past.

Hannah. He once loved a beautiful lady, by whom his affection was reciprocated. In a moment of excessive candor she begged him to give her a true list of all her failings. He did not allow himself to be asked twice—

Ralph. And—was immediately sent about his business. Very natural.

Hannah. One of his best friends wrote a bad book.

Ralph. He did not tell him so?

Hannah. Certainly.

Ralph. That was an end to friendship.

Hannah. Once, on his way from London, he was attacked by robbers. They took what they found, thanked him, politely, and asked jestingly, if he still had any thing more of value about him. "Oh, yes," answered he, calmly; "What is it?" "A casket of diamonds." They thought at first, he was jesting, but on searching, found what he had stated to be true, took his diamonds, and laughed over the folly which would not even deceive robbers.

Ralph. Was the man born in the moon?

Hannah. From these little circumstances you may be able to form some idea of his character. He loves truth as Dutchmen love cleanliness; they eat cold victuals rather than blacken a pot by placing it over the fire; he makes shift to exist upon this wretched island, rather than allow his lips to be desecrated by the most trifling falsehood. All this, as far as he is concerned, might be well enough; but he wishes every one, who comes near him, to worship his idol with just as much stupid enthusiasm as himself.

Ralph. If so, how in the world do you get along with him?

Hannah. Oh, I lie as much as I please—but I do it with management. I am, however, compelled to keep my brain on the rack, every day, in order to deceive him; for he is no fool, I can tell you. And to what can I look forward? the frightful prospect of wandering about this desert a dried up old maid. This island is the most tiresome in the whole ocean; this castle is the most tiresome place upon the whole island; and my master is the most tiresome person in this castle. Do you understand, now, why I did every thing to favor your master's suit, when we were at Edinburgh? I will get away from this cursed island! I will be rescued from this temple of truth even if, out of despair, I should marry you.

Ralph. Ah! indeed!—You have profited, already, I see, by your illustrious example. Is the daughter, too, so mad about the truth?

Hannah. She is a child after her father's own heart. Our late visit to Edinburgh was her first flight. If we can only get her there permanently, I will manage her beautifully.

Ralph. Under your guidance she will make brilliant advances, I have no doubt.

Hannah. I hope so—if your master can, only—did you say he had arrived?

Ralph. Certainly, and he sent me in advance to deliver his letters of introduction.

Hannah. Well, I hope he will manage to get into the good graces of my master; for many a one, I can tell you, has already, received his walking papers. He must not flatter him.

Ralph. My master is an old courtier, and

never fear but he will discover his weak points. He has no rivals?

Hannah. Ah! good heaven! no man in his senses strays in this direction; except, perhaps, some traveler, who has been seized by a whim to see the most savage country at the extreme end of creation. None but painters, mineralogists, geologists, or whatever such people are called, set foot upon this island—never any body of distinction. There is a young painter with us now, who has ventured here in consequence of the ruggedness of the rocks. My lady has had her portrait painted;—probably for your master.

Ralph. Does she love my master?

Hannah. Yes, I believe so, for I hear her sometimes speak of him. At all events she will be glad enough to escape from this cage.

Ralph. And my master will be glad enough to catch the little bird with golden feathers; for, I must confess to you that our finances, are in rather bad condition. We write bills of exchange, as fast as we can; but our paper is not held in the highest estimation, and if this speculation should fail—

Hannah. Hist! I hear the old lord—he is busy, it seems. Wait a moment, and, when you speak, for your master, be careful not to utter the least falsehood.

Ralph. That is an odious exaction.

(Both withdraw into the back ground.)

(Enter LORD DERBY, THOMAS, and HENEY.)

Lord Derby. Thomas!

Thomas. Sir.

Lord Derby. The horse I have just bought has the staggers.

Thomas. Yes, your lordship, I saw that he had.

Lord Derby. Why did you not tell me?

Thomas. Because he was already bought, sir.

Lord Derby. But you praised the animal, very much, before I bought him.

Thomas. Because he seemed to strike your lordship's fancy.

Lord Derby. But he did not please you.

Thomas. I would not have taken him as a present.

Lord Derby. And yet you praised him. I do not wish your services any longer.

Thomas. Your lordship?

Lord Derby. Get your wages, and go—you are dismissed.

Thomas. But I did not advise your lordship to buy the horse.

Lord Derby. The horse-dealer was an imposter, and you are a liar.

Thomas. Why, in horse-dealing lying and deception are allowable; the most excellent people have no twinges of conscience about such a matter, as that.

(Exit.)

Derby. It is incredible, but the fellow
Henry!

y. Your lordship?

Derby. The beggar whom I drove away,
yesterday—because I was in a peevish
—I have since learned, is an industrious
whose cottage and loom had been burned.
y. It is true, your lordship.

Derby. Did you know that, yesterday?

y. Oh, I have known the honest fellow
g time.

Derby. And yet you remained silent
dismissed him.

y. Because your lordship was in a bad
I thought it better to wait for a more
moment.

Derby. A more favorable moment to
truth? You may go.

y. I meant well, your lordship.

Derby. Go my son, I cannot have such
ners about me.

Oh, heaven! what would my blessed
y to this! she has always taught me
must never speak the truth to our masters.

(Exit.)

Derby. Detestable principles! they shall
root in my house. I will drive forth
even if, in the end, I am compelled to
myself.

(Aside to Hannah.) This is an eccentric
indeed. I can scarcely trust myself
my despatches.

(Aside to Ralph.) Be bold, for he
takes boldness for truth.

(Coming forward.) My lord—

Derby. Who are you?

I have the honor to be in the service
decastle, who has just arrived upon the

Derby. What more?

And who desires to have the honor of
in your lordship.

Derby. *(Muttering to himself.)* Wait
stupid manner of speaking.

And sends, in advance, these letters of

Derby. I hate letters of introduction—
with falsehoods. *(He reads.)* Yes,
Grandison, too. Well, I await him.
He has heard so much that is good
your lordship.

y. That is false. Be silent and go.

(Aside.) Hu! what a bear. *(Exit.)*

y. Another wooer. Since the girl
weeks at Edinburgh, I have had no

No wonder. Such an amiable young

Lord Derby. And such a rich father, eh?

Hannah. That consideration, may, certainly,
influence some. But this baronet.—

Lord Derby. Do you know him?

Hannah. Oh, yes. I was born and raised
you will remember, in the capitol.

Lord Derby. How is he estimated there.

Hannah. Very highly.

Lord Derby. In what manner?

Hannah. He has the reputation, amongst
many, of being a man of honor.

Lord Derby. Yes, I know what is meant by
so-called men of honor.

Hannah. He is much blamed on account of
his rough manner.

Lord Derby. How so?

Hannah. Because he often calls people things,
to their faces, which they do not like to hear.

Lord Derby. Does he?

Hannah. My lady Percy, who always desires
to be thought young, asked him, once, whether
he could guess how old she was. "Why not,"
replied he, "you danced at my grandmother's
wedding."

Lord Derby. *(Shaking his head.)* Hem?

Hannah. The bishop of Lincoln, once boasted
of the silence which reigned in his church, when
he preached. "No wonder," replied the baronet,
"for all the congregation sleeps."

Lord Derby. That does not please me. Truth
must never attempt to be witty.

Hannah. *(Aside.)* Have I made a misstep?

Lord Derby. Go, call my daughter.

Hannah. *(As she goes.)* Heaven, help us out
of this prison. *(Exit.)*

Lord Derby. I have, already, been compelled
to despatch a half dozen such gentlemen. A
vexatious employment—but not wearisome, for
nothing is easier than to catch these wooers lying.
They generally regard the temple of Hymen as a
mouse trap. As I live, I will have an honest,
truth-telling man for my son-in-law, or my
daughter shall go to a nunnery! There comes
the young painter with his usual modest air, up
the walk. The fellow has gained my love, for
he has his heart upon his tongue. It may be
that I am prejudiced, in his favor by his profes-
sion. Evelina's portrait is a master-piece—and
not all flattered. That is so much the more re-
markable, because the maiden, as I have observed,
has made a deep impression upon him.

(Enter HUNTINGDON.)

Huntingdon. My work is finished, my lord,
and I have come to take leave.

Lord Derby. I have not, however, told you
to go.

Huntingdon. You have spongers enough about
you, without me.

- Lord Derby.* Do you find my house pleasant?
- Huntingdon.* Yes.
- Lord Derby.* Remain, then.
- Huntingdon.* Willingly, if I can earn my bread.
- Lord Derby.* You might do that very easily if you were not so obstinate.
- Huntingdon.* Obstinate!
- Lord Derby.* Have I not desired you to make a copy of that beautiful painting, by Hannibal Caraccio?
- Huntingdon.* You have been deceived, my lord, about the painting. It is not by Hannibal Caraccio; it is a very mediocre performance.
- Lord Derby.* (*Aside*) Bravo! (*Aloud.*) What is that to you, if you make money by copying it?
- Huntingdon.* Should I dare to make any pretensions to the name of an artist if I were indifferent about what I painted?
- Lord Derby.* An artist must frequently accommodate himself to the tastes of people, who can pay.
- Huntingdon.* No, my lord.
- Lord Derby.* Or else he stands in great danger of starving.
- Huntingdon.* Better starve.
- Lord Derby.* (*Aside.*) Bravo! (*Aloud.*) You are proud.
- Huntingdon.* Yes, my lord.
- Lord Derby.* Trust to my experience, when I say to you that pride never enables a man to reach a desired end.
- Huntingdon.* The place upon which we stand is often more worthy than that we struggle to attain.
- Lord Derby.* It is said that a little pliancy becomes your condition.
- Huntingdon.* Rectitude most becomes an artist.
- Lord Derby.* And your youth.
- Huntingdon.* Frankness best becomes youth.
- Lord Derby.* You pass judgment, boldly, upon many things.
- Huntingdon.* I do not attempt to judge any thing without understanding it.
- Lord Derby.* You find my gallery of paintings bad?
- Huntingdon.* Yes, my lord.
- Lord Derby.* Not an original in the collection?
- Huntingdon.* Not one.
- Lord Derby.* Many to whom I have shown it, have been charmed with the paintings.
- Huntingdon.* They were no connoisseurs, or else they wished to flatter you.
- Lord Derby.* But am not I a connoisseur?
- Huntingdon.* No, my lord.
- Lord Derby.* Do you say that to my face?
- Huntingdon.* Behind your back, out of respect for you, I would say nothing.
- Lord Derby.* I have often been complimented in London, on account of my taste for paintings.
- Huntingdon.* It is very possible that you may have been complimented.
- Lord Derby.* My park does not please you?
- Huntingdon.* I have not said so.
- Lord Derby.* But it is so, nevertheless? You are silent?
- Huntingdon.* Yes, my lord.
- Lord Derby.* I wish to hear your opinion of my park.
- Huntingdon.* It is quite pretty.
- Lord Derby.* Quite pretty? Do you call rugged rocks on the sea shore, pretty?
- Huntingdon.* Nature in this island, is majestic; but you have crowded upon it so many embellishments, in the way of little houses and temples, that it reminds me of the pillars of St. Peter's church, which lose their quiet sublimity in consequence of the petty decorations by which they are covered.
- Lord Derby.* (*Aside.*) Spoken from his soul. (*Aloud.*) "But a desire to embellish is natural to men.
- Huntingdon.* The desire, but rarely the art; and those often excel most, in this respect, who make as few additions, as possible to nature.
- Lord Derby.* (*Aside.*) Right! (*Aloud.*) I perceive, very plainly, that I have not succeeded in gaining your esteem.
- Huntingdon.* O, yes, my lord, fully. How unjust should I be, if my respect were to depend upon the degree of taste you display for my art. It is only necessary to visit your villages, to see the prosperity of your tenants, and to hear your name blessed by a thousand tongues, to esteem and honor you as you deserve.
- Lord Derby.* But in my park?
- Huntingdon.* There sighs nature.
- Lord Derby.* But in my gallery?
- Huntingdon.* There sighs art.
- Lord Derby.* We will no longer dispute about the matter.—You will, perhaps, discover in the end that I understand something about it. At present I wish to keep you here. I want a landscape by you, painted from nature.
- Huntingdon.* An employment which I will undertake with pleasure. The island is full of fine views. I have already sketched several, amongst which you may take your choice.
- Lord Derby.* No, no. There is a particular view I have a great desire to possess—it is above us there, on the hill, where the pyramid stands.
- Huntingdon.* I have often gone by the spot, but never perceived any striking beauty about the place.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) I am very well satisfied of that.

Huntingdon. But I will go there immediately.

Lord Derby. There is no hurry; I wish you, first, to copy the portrait of my daughter.

Huntingdon. (*Starting.*) Are you not satisfied with the original?

Lord Derby. Oh, yes, perfectly; and it is just for that reason I wish to keep it. (*Observing Huntingdon, sharply.*) My daughter will soon marry, and her bridegroom would, doubtless, like to possess a copy.

Huntingdon. I beg that you will excuse me, for declining to perform this task,

Lord Derby. Do you never copy?

Huntingdon. Sometimes, certainly.

Lord Derby. Why then will you not copy my daughter's portrait?

Huntingdon. Pardon me—I have reasons.

Lord Derby. Which you desire to conceal from me?

Huntingdon. Yes.

Lord Derby. I remember to have heard that you sometimes paint miniatures—that will answer my purpose; Evelina, shall sit to you, again.

Huntingdon. Pardon me, my lord.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) She has, already, sat to him too often.

Huntingdon. I hasten to the pyramid.

Lord Derby. Well, as you please—but I beg that you will paint *con amore*, only.

Huntingdon. (*Sighing in spite of himself.*) *Con amore!* (*Exit.*)

Lord Derby. He is my man! Not one false word has he uttered, although, I have used every effort to entrap him. He would not, it is true, acknowledge his love, yet he scorned a false pretext for declining to copy the portrait—he said rather: “I have reasons, which I do not wish to disclose.”

(*Enter EVELINA.*)

Evelina. Good morning, dear father.

Lord Derby. I have sent for you, to say that another wooer is knocking at the door.

Evelina. Ah! who is it?

Lord Derby. Baron Oldcastle, from Edinburgh. Do you know him?

Evelina. I have danced with him.

Lord Derby. Ah, well! you know him well enough, then. A girl seldom knows more of her betrothed than that she has danced with him.

Evelina. Am I already betrothed to him?

Lord Derby. Not yet. Do you like him?

Evelina. Yes.

Lord Derby. But, I must like him, also.

Evelina. Certainly.

Lord Derby. And if he pleases me, will you marry him willingly?

Evelina. Willingly? I do not know.

Lord Derby. You have often said to me that the man who had my consent would be entirely pleasing to you.

Evelina. Yes, I have said so.

Lord Derby. And you meant it, I hope?

Evelina. Oh yes, I certainly did.

Lord Derby. Perhaps you have altered your mind?

Evelina. I do not know—before replying I must examine my heart.

Lord Derby. Do so, immediately. I will in the meantime walk up and down the room.

(*EVELINA stands in thought.*)

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Many a father would wish, at such a moment as this, to be able to see into his daughter's heart. I do not. I know, however, that she will open it to me.—Well, Evelina, what is the result of your self-examination?

Evelina. I am not able to decide at once, fully—but it seems to me as if I should not marry, willingly.

Lord Derby. That is, this baronet?

Evelina. Yes, this baronet.

Lord Derby. But some other person?

Evelina. When another comes I will examine myself, again.

Lord Derby. Perhaps, when in Edinburgh, you made a choice yourself.

Evelina. If I had done so, I should have told you of it at once.

Lord Derby. Or, you may have seen, somewhere, a man who appears to you worthy of your preference?

Evelina. I do not know.

Lord Derby. Think, for a moment?

Evelina. (*After a pause.*) My father speaks of such men as might ask my hand in marriage?

Lord Derby. Any honorable man may do so.

Evelina. Indeed?

Lord Derby. Certainly.

Evelina. Well—in that case.

Lord Derby. Well?

Evelina. Then I do know one, who appears to me more worthy than all others.

Lord Derby. Who may he be?

Evelina. (*Without embarrassment.*) The young painter.

Lord Derby. So!—Do you love him?

Evelina. I do not know.

Lord Derby. Do you often think of him?

Evelina. Ah, yes! very often.

Lord Derby. Do you seek his company?

Evelina. Oh, no—that is not becoming.

Lord Derby. But unsought is it pleasant to you?

Evelina. Always pleasant.

Lord Derby. How do you feel when he appears?

Evelina. Very well.

Lord Derby. Does your heart throb?

Evelina. Yes, at first.

Lord Derby. And when he looks you in the face, do you blush?

Evelina. Almost, I believe.

Lord Derby. Does he look tenderly at you?

Evelina. I do not know. I always cast down my eyes?

Lord Derby. But when he painted your portrait?

Evelina. Yes,—then I certainly could not cast my eyes down.

Lord Derby. That caused you to feel agitated.

Evelina. Heaven knows why!

Lord Derby. Has he never spoken to you of love?

Evelina. Certainly not—I should have told you, if he had.

Lord Derby. Listen, Evelina; I will disclose a secret to you: You love the young painter.

Evelina. Really! That would be dreadful.

Lord Derby. It may possibly pass away. At present receive baronet Oldcastle. He pleased you in Edinburgh and you may still find him agreeable. He belongs to one of the first families, and it would not be unpleasant to play a first part in the Capitol. Think of this—we will talk more about it hereafter. (Exit.)

Evelina. So, it was love? Was I not a child to be so much frightened at it—it is a pleasant peaceful feeling. My father thinks it will soon pass away?—I should be sorry for that. Can the baronet please me, again? possibly—but I doubt it. And what he said of the part which I should play in the Capitol, cannot be, I know; for I was there a few weeks, only, and the people laughed in my face, and called me the queer little islander, because I spoke out all I thought;—how then could I play a part there, my life long? There comes Mr. Huntingdon. Now will I observe, closely, whether or not I love him. Heart throbs? Yes, there they are again.

(Enter HUNTINGDON.)

Huntingdon. Pardon me, miss, I expected to find your father, here.

Evelina. For what shall I pardon you?

Huntingdon. For my hasty entrance. I disturbed your reflections.

Evelina. Oh, I can defer them till another time. What have you there?

Huntingdon. A rough sketch of a landscape which your father wishes me to paint.

Evelina. Let me see it.

Huntingdon. The place, from which it is

taken, is a very unfavorable one. I cannot understand why it should have been selected.

Evelina. That is possible, for you see every thing with the eye of art, only, and ask nothing farther than: "How will this look on canvas?" Who knows what reminiscence attaches my father to this place? What would you say, I wonder, if I were to beg you to paint my favorite spot?

Huntingdon. (Hastily.) Where is it?

Evelina. Ha! ha! ha! In our poultry yard, under the locust bushes.

Huntingdon. I have never seen you there.

Evelina. I go there very rarely, now; but, when I do go, I experience half joyful half sorrowful feelings, for, as a child, I loved it better than any other place.

Huntingdon. Are you less happy, now, than formerly?

Evelina. Perhaps so. I had then a mother—a very good mother.

Huntingdon. It seems to me that the unbounded love of your father is a substitute for her loss.

Evelina. A mother can never be replaced. I love my father, unspeakably, yet he is a being out of me. My mother did not seem to be so. I have often contended with her that she has heard me say what, upon reflection, I remembered to have passed in the stillness of my mind, only. But she was ever present in my thoughts.

Huntingdon. (Aside.) What childlike purity!

Evelina. (Drying a tear.) But she died two years ago.

Huntingdon. Banish this sad reminiscence.

Evelina. Oh, no, I do not wish that—I love to speak of her, and I cannot mention her to my father.

Huntingdon. Why?

Evelina. He loved her so much, that it affects him deeply and makes him sad and gloomy. Since I discovered that, I avoid speaking of her to him. But when I find any body whom I love, I open my heart to them.

Huntingdon. Whom you love?

Evelina. Yes, I said so.

Huntingdon. And your grieving heart has opened itself to me?

Evelina. Yes.

Huntingdon. Evelina!—pardon me.

Evelina. For what?

Huntingdon. The name escaped me, unawares.

Evelina. My name is Evelina.

Huntingdon. But it is not proper that I should so call you.

Evelina. You did not mean any harm.

Huntingdon. I would shed my blood for you!

Evelina. I wish you were my brother.

Huntingdon. (*Aside.*) Where shall I look for strength—I forget myself—I must remain here no longer.

Evelina. There comes some one up the avenue.—It must certainly be the baronet, who desires to become my husband.—Yes, yes, it is he.

Huntingdon. Your husband?

Evelina. That is, if he pleases me.

Huntingdon. Do you already know him?

Evelina. Oh, yes; I danced with him in Edinburgh.

Huntingdon. And were you pleased with him?

Evelina. Tolerably well.

Huntingdon. Then there is no doubt—

Evelina. With your permission, there is, still, great doubt.

Huntingdon. (*Aside.*) Fool that I am; how does it concern me. (*Aloud.*) Oh, may you be happy!

Evelina. Do you wish so?

Huntingdon. Most ardently—as I desire my own happiness.

Evelina. (*Tenderly.*) Thank you, dear Huntingdon.

Huntingdon. (*Aside.*) I am no longer master of myself.

(*Enter BARONET OLDCASTLE and HANNAH.*)

Baronet Oldcastle. There she is, the beautiful creature, about whom the whole town of Edinburgh is talking and dreaming. I come, miss, to bring you the homage of the whole Capitol, and, above all, my own.

Evelina. You are welcome, baronet. My father will be here, presently—he bade me receive you.

Baronet Oldcastle. He has done well, very well. This paradise is rendered doubly charming, since the door is opened by an angel. How have you been, fair miss, since you tore your charms from the great world, and buried yourself in this melancholy desert?

Evelina. I thought you just now called this melancholy desert a paradise.

Baronet Oldcastle. By your presence it has been changed to one; as Titania created a charming valley between two naked rocks. But the capitol, miss, the court, the world, have claims upon you.

Evelina. Of what nature?

Baronet Oldcastle. Such claims as a crown has upon the most precious jewels. You fled, and our brilliant circle became sad,—particularly your slave whom you left fettered behind you. Would you believe it? Since that time, I have danced but twice—but twice, upon my soul; and both times against my will. The young duchess

of Albemarle would give me no peace—I must dance. I was dragged unwillingly upon the floor. But I danced, no longer, with those lightly tripping feet, which had the good fortune to excite your admiration, and into which, when I had your lovely hand, my whole soul appeared to have descended; they were heavy machines, no longer blessed by your heavenly glances.

Evelina. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Baronet Oldcastle. You laugh? A happy omen. Yes, fair lady, I have come in order to find, again, my lost happiness. I have torn the flowery fetters of our ladies, dashed into the waves, clambered over the rocks, and here I am.

Evelina. I fear that you will find no indemnification, here.

Baronet Oldcastle. Fear nothing—love can accomplish much. We will pluck flowers, gather herbs, tend sheep—yes, we will transplant Arcadia to this island, until winter shakes his snow-covered head—then will we repair to the proud Edinburgh, which has lost, in you, its most precious ornament.

Evelina. Pardon the poor islander, baronet Oldcastle, who knows not how to reply to all these beautiful things. We live here in perfect simplicity of word and action—

Huntingdon. But this simplicity is so noble, so charming.

Baronet Oldcastle. (*Who, for the first time, becomes aware of HUNTINGDON'S presence.*) Who is this individual?

Evelina. It is Mr. Huntingdon, a painter, from London.

Baronet Oldcastle. Ah, indeed! I am delighted to hear it. I am, myself, a connoisseur. In Edinburgh, I sometimes invite artists to dine with me—(*with a patronizing air.*) When you come there—

(*HUNTINGDON bows.*)

Hannah. (*Pulling the BARONET'S sleeve and drawing him aside.*) Will your honor permit me to have a word with you?

Baronet Oldcastle. What do you wish, my child?

Hannah. I see the old lord coming—has Ralph told you how you must conduct yourself with this eccentric being.

Baronet Oldcastle. Yes—he has said something about a number of peculiarities.

Hannah. No flattery, for heaven's sake.

Baronet Oldcastle. I thank you, my good child, for your advice, but you know nothing about the matter. There is no man living, upon earth, who, at heart, hates flattery, if it is only accommodated to his taste; and I understand how to dish it up for this occasion.

Hannah. He is crafty. I am afraid—

Baron Oldcastle. And what am I—am I so very dull? Don't give yourself any trouble, my dear, but just let me alone to manage the old fellow.

(Hannah shakes her head.)

Baron Oldcastle. *(Turning to EVELINA.)* Pardon me, fair dame; in withdrawing, for a few minutes, only, my gaze from your beautiful countenance. I have committed a robbery upon my happiness.

Evelina. Here comes my father. *(Aside.)* Heaven be thanked!

(Enter LORD DERBY.)

Baron Oldcastle. My lord, you see a man, before you, who is determined to do honor to the introductions of his friends.

Lord Derby. If these introductions have not flattered you, I give you my hand, and bid you welcome.

Baron Oldcastle. I should not feel disposed to thank my friends, if they have flattered me. I present myself as I am—I do not desire to appear better than I am,—here, least of all.

Lord Derby. No where, no where, baronet.

Baron Oldcastle. You are perfectly right, sir—no where should we attempt to appear better than we are. No man on earth is free from faults, and yet we would all like to appear spotless in the eyes of those whose love we are seeking.

Lord Derby. True.

Baron Oldcastle. But we should, immediately, set about unveiling ourselves.

Lord Derby. We should never be veiled.

Baron Oldcastle. Perfectly right, your lordship—and no where is deception more criminal than in love and friendship.

Lord Derby. *(Aside.)* He pleases me.

Baron Oldcastle. Therefore, my lord, permit me to begin our intercourse in a strange manner—by making known to you, immediately, my faults.

Lord Derby. He who knows and acknowledges his faults, is in a fair way of correcting them.

Baron Oldcastle. There is one amongst them, however, with which I am daily reproached, and which I find it difficult, heaven knows, to subdue: my cursed frankness.

Lord Derby. Cursed frankness? *(Aside.)* He does not please me.

Baron Oldcastle. Oh, my lord, if you only knew how much I have suffered on account of it! In these times no one will hear the truth. One calls it foolishness; another, criminal; this one thinks it unseasonable, because it does not promise to fill his purse; that one, regards it as insolence, and becomes angry; a third pronounces it falsehood.

Lord Derby. O, yes, I know that such shameless things are common.

Baron Oldcastle. Think, my lord, of what an effect such a state of things must produce upon an honorable minded man. Wherever he turns he sees people standing with their fingers in their ears. He may scream but the world is deaf.

Lord Derby. *(Aside.)* He does please me!

Baron Oldcastle. I might, long ago, have been minister. A sinecure of three thousand pounds was offered me if I would leave parliament; but, curse me, if I would do it.

Lord Derby. That was very worthy.

Baron Oldcastle. I know very well that a man makes enemies, and does not increase his prosperity by such a course of conduct.

Lord Derby. Not?

Baron Oldcastle. A man quarrels with himself because he cannot hold his tongue.

Lord Derby. *(Aside.)* He does not please me.

Baron Oldcastle. But, *c'est plus fort que nous.*

Lord Derby. Would you like to take a walk, in the park, before dinner?

Baron Oldcastle. I am at your disposal.

Lord Derby. Ah! there is our painter, and with the sketch already in his hand.

Huntingdon. Yes, my lord; but to confess the truth—

Lord Derby. The truth is not to be confessed, it is to be told.

Huntingdon. The place from which it is taken, seems to me, to be badly chosen.

Lord Derby. Why, sir, it is a favorite spot of mine.

Huntingdon. I view it with the eye of an artist, only.

Baron Oldcastle. Oh, let us, by all means, visit the place. I have a taste for landscape; with regard either to nature or art, indeed, I am perfectly at home.

Lord Derby. Ah! I will show you my gallery of paintings, then.

Baron Oldcastle. Paintings? Bravo! I know how to prize them. But I forewarn you, sir, that I am a severe critic.

Lord Derby. So much the better.

Baron Oldcastle. *(To EVELINA.)* Charming lady, I must take my eyes away, but my heart I leave with you.

Lord Derby. Let us have the pleasure of your company, Mr. Huntingdon. *(Exit LORD DERBY, BARON OLDCASTLE and HUNTINGDON.)*

Hannah. Well, fair lady, what will you do with the heart which is left behind?

Evelina. I do not know.

Hannah. I think, we will take it in good keeping, and order the wedding clothes.

Evelina. But I must love him first.

Hannah. What hinders you from that?

Evelina. (*Aside.*) Love, perhaps!

Hannah. But it is no matter if you do not love him now—that will come afterward.

Evelina. How so?

Hannah. Two young trees planted side by side, and bound closely together, will interlace their branches.

Evelina. Better still if, in nature's course, they had sprung up side by side.

Hannah. All comparisons halt. Let us come to the gist of the matter. For sixteen years you have played, upon this island, the part of Miranda. Your father is a kind of Prospero; and we lack only a Caliban. At last, by good fortune, a Ferdinand is thrown, by the tempest of love, upon the coast, and he is ready to save us from this cursed island; seize upon him, at once with both hands.

Evelina. But I find myself very well contented upon this cursed island.

Hannah. Yes, as a bird is contented in a cage, because it knows nothing of freedom; but let it fly twice round the garden, and the third time it will fly away.

Evelina. Have I not been in Edinburgh?

Hannah. Four weeks, with a peevish old aunt, who kept you like a child, in leading strings. Now you will make your appearance as lady Oldcastle, and can do as you please.

Evelina. It will not please me to do any thing evil.

Hannah. Oh! who said any thing of evil? But the innocent pleasures of youth, of which you have long been deprived?

Evelina. I deprived of the pleasures of youth! You are mistaken. I have always been happy.

Hannah. Yes, as a child.

Evelina. Ah, yes, as a child!

Hannah. It would be well enough if they could endure, but these pleasures become as indifferent to us as our dolls.

Evelina. That is a pity.

Hannah. You step forth into the world, dress, and conquer. You are flattered by the most handsome men and envied by the most beautiful women. You flutter from flower to flower, swimming in the fragrancy of their blossoms, with no other trouble than daily to inhale it, no other care than to think of the morrow's diversion.

Evelina. And the heart?

Hannah. The heart moves, gently, in rosy dreams.

Evelina. And the mind?

Hannah. The mind diverts itself in games of wit; always winning, never losing.

Evelina. But I feel as if a great deal of that which assures me of sweet tranquillity might be lost. I do not know how to express it, but I feel that it is so. Your Edinburgh seems to me like a richly decorated ball-room, brilliant with a thousand wax lights—

Hannah. Well, is not such a room magnificent?

Evelina. Oh yes; but for those, only, who have not just seen the sun rise. In short, that big island has no charms for me, and I greatly prefer remaining on this little one.

Hannah. To see wild ducks taken.

Evelina. To love nature and my father.

Hannah. And to renounce, for ever, all other love.

Evelina. How so?

Hannah. Do you suppose there is a man, who thinks any thing of himself, that would consent to bury himself upon this island, even if it were in your arms?

Evelina. Why not? if he loved me—Ah I know one with whom I would remain here, even if the sea were to swallow up all the island but a single rock. But—whether he loves me—I know not! (*Exit.*)

Hannah. She knows one? she loves one? and it remains a secret to me? to me, the cunning Abigail! Who can it be? The face of a man, upon this island, is a rarity! none but fishermen even pass by it!—Is it possible that she could have formed an attachment in Edinburgh? Oh no; she could scarcely endure the time, till she could again clamber over her dear rocks.—Stop! a light breaks in upon me—the young painter—right!—she has looked too deeply into his burning eyes. Childishness!—that can come to nothing. It will only be necessary to give the old one a hint when he will put this proud young gentleman into a boat, and, with his burning eyes, set him sailing to Scotland. (*Enter RALPH.*) Ah Ralph! whence come you?

Ralph. I have been climbing about, a little, with the gentlemen. The old lord has just taken my master to see his picture gallery, and I stole away in order to seek this beautiful original.

Hannah. How does the matter stand? Have you observed nothing? How does your master deport himself? Does he bid fair to gain the affections of the eccentric old creature.

Ralph. Oh! he is his body and soul. I must say it to the credit of my master that he plays his part with eminent skill.

Hannah. He will do well enough, if he do not praise too extravagantly.

Ralph. He praises, to be sure, but how? He

puts salt in his lemonade because the old lord cannot bear any thing sweet. He stands here, and contemplates the scene before him—a long pause—then he nods with the air of a connoisseur—he shakes his head doubtfully—*beautiful! heavenly!* he cries out in an enraptured tone—but, he adds, and points out something that is defective. “Much taste,” he cries again—“a profound knowledge of art has ruled here”—and immediately another *but* limps in. His *buts*, however, take only so much from his praise as a skilful gardener prunes from a fruit tree in order to make it bear more abundantly.

Hannah. Heaven give us fruit, speedily!

Ralph. Be easy, it is already forming.

Hannah. I am astonished at the success of your master, as he plays the part of a truth-teller for the first time in his life.

Ralph. It is not a part becoming people of rank. The truth, to be sure, is good enough for one of us.

Hannah. Pshaw! it is n't good for any body, nor any thing. It is, especially, inconvenient in wedlock, for, if married people were always to speak truth to each other they would never cease quarrelling.

Ralph. Right my dear; when we are married we will take care of that.

Hannah. Understood, of course. See, there comes truth personified. Quick! let us get out of his way. (*Exit.*)

Ralph. Well, if it must remain upon earth this is its most proper dwelling place. This island shall become the Botany Bay of truth-preachers. But whence will the poor colonists get their women? (*Exit.*)

(*Enter LORD DERBY, BARON OLDCASTLE and HUNTINGDON.*)

Baronet Oldcastle. (*To HUNTINGDON.*) How is it possible, my dear sir, that you can, for a moment, doubt that the view from the pyramid, is the most charming to be found upon the island.

Huntingdon. I have already expressed my opinion.

Baronet Oldcastle. These mountains, these rocks, these hills, these cliffs—

Huntingdon. This brown sand, this dry grass; not a single tree, not a bush, not a drop of water.

Baronet Oldcastle. It is true that great talent is required to do justice to such a simple scene; but, my lord, do not give up this thought—Mr. Huntingdon will not, I hope, be offended because of my frankness, but I must say that it is a splendid landscape! so retired—so sublime!—

Lord Derby. And so varied?

Baronet Oldcastle. Right, my lord, and so varied.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) That is his fifth lie. (*Aloud.*) But what do you think of my park?

Baronet Oldcastle. As a whole it is a great conception, a noble plan.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Lie the sixth.

Baronet Oldcastle. But parts, here and there—the truth must be said—are defective.

Lord Derby. Will you be so good as to point out some instances.

Baronet Oldcastle. If, for example, instead of the old group of trees upon this hill, a little temple—

Huntingdon. Good heavens! there are already too many temples.

Baronet Oldcastle. And in the valley, where the stream makes a little island, a Chinese pagoda would add greatly, to the beauty of the scene.

Huntingdon. Far from it.

Baronet Oldcastle. (*Casts an annihilating glance upon HUNTINGDON, and turns, again, to LORD DERBY.*) These, you see, are merely little forgotten ornaments, in a masterpiece. No, in truth, I do not wish to flatter, but your park has put me into an ecstasy of delight.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Lie the seventh. (*Aloud.*) And what say you of my picture gallery?

Baronet Oldcastle. I say that it betrays the hand of a connoisseur. I have observed two or three copies, only; but the same defect is apparent in the best collections. You see that I know nothing of flattery.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Lie the eighth.

Baronet Oldcastle. Another, in my place, would, doubtless, have found your park without fault, your gallery without copies; but that is not in my power—I must tell the truth in spite of circumstances.

Lord Derby. Mr. Huntingdon does not agree with you, in opinion.

Huntingdon. No, my lord.

Baronet Oldcastle. Artists are sometimes apt to give themselves airs—I do not like them.

Lord Derby. I forgot to show you my daughter's portrait, painted by this gentleman. It is in the gallery.

Huntingdon. I did not see it.

Lord Derby. You are right. It is in the room next the gallery. Here is the key; I beg—

Huntingdon. With pleasure. (*Exit.*)

Baronet Oldcastle. I do not like that young man.

Lord Derby. Why not?

Baronet Oldcastle. He finds fault with everything.

Lord Derby. If he speaks from conviction—

Baronet Oldcastle. He is no artist, then; for this park, this gallery—I did not dare to express

fully my impressions in his presence, for fear he might suppose I desired to flatter you, and the very suspicion of such a disposition is torture to me! You, my lord, on the contrary, already know me—

Lord Derby. Yes, yes, I know you already.

Baronet Oldcastle. That there is truth in my heart and upon my lip.

Lord Derby. Just such a son-in-law as I have long desired. But I do not know whether my uncle, the old bishop of Durham, who has intended to make my daughter his heir,—

Baronet Oldcastle. A fine old man.

Lord Derby. But very obstinate, and a great enemy to the opposition party, to which, I believe, you belong.

Baronet Oldcastle. Yes.

Lord Derby. If you do not leave it, his consent will be obtained with great difficulty.

Baronet Oldcastle. Hem! That is, certainly, a little *embarrassant*.

Lord Derby. Your character, your love of truth, will not permit you—

Baronet Oldcastle. I would rather die than to speak against my principles.

Lord Derby. That is a pity, for I cannot think of depriving my daughter of this rich heritage.

Baronet Oldcastle. Hem! hem! perhaps there is a way to escape this difficulty.

Lord Derby. Ah! what?

Baronet Oldcastle. It is true that the truth must be told if we speak; but is it necessary to speak under all circumstances?

Lord Derby. I comprehend; a man may remain silent.

Baronet Oldcastle. It is, sometimes, wise to do so.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Bravo!

Baronet Oldcastle. And in order to spare such respectable relative—

Lord Derby. But the country?

Baronet Oldcastle. Yes, if I were the only speaker, on the opposition, no might, upon earth, could close my mouth; but there are so many, and my talents are so insignificant—

Lord Derby. But the rest, too, might keep their mouths closed—

Baronet Oldcastle. It will be hard for me to do this; but for your sake, my lord, for the sake of your beautiful daughter—

Lord Derby. I may assure my uncle—

Baronet Oldcastle. That he can count upon me.

Lord Derby. I wish you farewell, baronet Oldcastle.

Baronet Oldcastle. Where are you going, my lord?

Lord Derby. Nowhere; but you are respectfully requested to take your departure from my island.

Baronet Oldcastle. What do you mean, my lord?

Lord Derby. Spare yourself any explanation.

Baronet Oldcastle. Has my candor offended you?

Lord Derby. Your candor is spurious coin.

Baronet Oldcastle. How, my lord, can you believe—

Lord Derby. Mere shadows upon the wall—I am no child, sir, to be deceived by such shallow appearances.

Baronet Oldcastle. I am a man of honor, my lord.

Lord Derby. Yes, according to your standard.

Baronet Oldcastle. And according to yours, too, I hope.

Lord Derby. Honor has, long since, borrowed the mask of integrity and sports it to suit the fancy of every one.

Baronet Oldcastle. You know my family, my lord?

Lord Derby. Oh yes. Was not Lord Cobham, who was hanged under the reign of Henry V. an Oldcastle?

Baronet Oldcastle. Certainly; like me he was a martyr to truth.

Lord Derby. I give you my word, sir, that you will never be hanged for the sake of truth.

Baronet Oldcastle. I think it useless, my lord, for us to jest any longer.

Lord Derby. Farewell, then.

Baronet Oldcastle. How can I fare well without the possession of your beautiful daughter?

Lord Derby. You will never possess my daughter.

Baronet Oldcastle. There is, probably, a more fortunate rival?

Lord Derby. Probably.

Baronet Oldcastle. I'll break his neck then—you see that I am candid.

Lord Derby. Be off, sir, or you will take an involuntary leap from the next cliff—you see that I am candid.

Baronet Oldcastle. Upon our large island such conduct as this would be called brutish.

Lord Derby. They are at liberty to give to it any name they please.

Baronet Oldcastle. I will go, my lord, but not before I have given you a last proof of my sincerity.

Lord Derby. It will be the first.

Baronet Oldcastle. Your park is absurd, your gallery is worthless, your daughter is a little goose, and you are insupportable. (*Exit.*)

Lord Derby. Bravo! He has spoken out the truth this time, at least. It is a pity that most men speak truth only when they are angry,—exercise virtue only out of revenge. Should I sacrifice my child to such a man? Never! I will get rid of this swarm of wooers. I will throw her, and the sooner it is done the better, into the arms of an honest youth, who by his heart, alone, is ennobled.

(Enter HUNTINGDON.)

Huntingdon. (Hastily.) What have I seen?

Lord Derby. Well, sir, what have you seen?

Huntingdon. Masterpieces of art.

Lord Derby. Where? where?

Huntingdon. You jest—where else but in the saloon to which you gave me the key. What treasures are there concealed?

Lord Derby. The painting near the door is not bad.

Huntingdon. Not bad! A Madonna, by Raphael, not bad!

Lord Derby. The picture opposite the second window appears to me to be tolerable.

Huntingdon. Tolerable! a Rembrandt! tolerable, only!

Lord Derby. The night piece, in the corner, deserves commendation.

Huntingdon. (Ironically) Really? A Rubens! is it indeed worthy of commendation?

Lord Derby. But it has such a wretched frame.

Huntingdon. The deuce take the frame! the picture is a treasure?

Lord Derby. You are entirely beside yourself.

Huntingdon. And you are very cold. Pardon me, my lord, but it is a crying shame that such a collection of paintings should be in this corner of the world in your hands.

Lord Derby. Why so? Can I not enjoy myself with them?

Huntingdon. I know well, my lord, that one connoisseur of feeling is worth more than a thousand ordinary gazers—but—pardon me, my lord, my enthusiastic love of art forces the truth from me—

Lord Derby. The utterance of the truth never requires pardon.

Huntingdon. You do not know how to appreciate your wealth. You show a collection of bungling copies to every body, with complacency, and keep your costly originals locked up.

Lord Derby. May not that be because I wish to enjoy them alone, and in silence.

Huntingdon. I would fain believe so; but who, that truly loves art, could say of a Raphael, that it is *not bad*, and call a Rembrandt, *tolerable*—pardon me, sir, but I do not understand it.

Lord Derby. (Aside.) Bravo! (Aloud.) Well I am delighted that a connoisseur can find something, in my castle, worthy of notice. You will, now, doubtless, pass a month or two longer here more pleasantly, in order to copy some of these things?

Huntingdon. Into what a temptation do you lead me!

Lord Derby. You can do as much as you please every day and will be quite undisturbed.

Huntingdon. Undoubtedly, if I am only allowed to practice my art behind locks and bolts.

Lord Derby. Not so. You may have observed the piano in the middle of the room; my daughter is accustomed to practise there several hours every day. But that will not disturb you; and, except my daughter, no one goes thither.

Huntingdon. That, my lord, would more than any thing else disturb me; but, without it, I had already determined to leave your house and island.

Lord Derby. Ah, indeed! why, but a very short time ago, you were of a different mind.

Huntingdon. Yes, but now—

Lord Derby. May the cause of this change in your intention be inquired?

Huntingdon. Pardon me, my lord, but—

Lord Derby. Perhaps the baronet has brought you letters?

Huntingdon. No.

Lord Derby. Or you have grown home-sick.

Huntingdon. Not so.

Lord Derby. Or—

Huntingdon. I beg, my lord—you cannot guess the cause, and it is impossible for me to tell you.

Lord Derby. Why not? the truth should never be dissembled.

Huntingdon. You are quite right, truth should never be dissembled; but there is a difference, it seems to me, between silence and dissimulation.

Lord Derby. There can be no greater.

Huntingdon. When the truth can do harm only, to myself and others—

Lord Derby. You think it permissible to remain silent?

Huntingdon. Yes.

Lord Derby. I am not altogether of your opinion; yet there are circumstances under which it may be right. It is, at least, no treason against truth, and there are few who practise it. But how, sir, if your reasons were guessed, would you, any longer, conceal the truth?

Huntingdon. If my reasons were guessed—

Lord Derby. Yes. If, for instance, I were to say: "You love my daughter!" what would you say?

Huntingdon. I would say, "Yes, my lord."

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Bravo! bravo!

Huntingdon. I would beg you not to regard a passion which I have vainly endeavored to subdue, as any violation of the holy rights of hospitality, and to dismiss me with kindness—for I am a fugitive from myself.

Lord Derby. Well, well, my daughter is pretty, and I find it quite natural. But that is no reason why you should go.

Huntingdon. Yes, it certainly is.

Lord Derby. You are an honorable man, and, if you will promise me never to let my daughter suspect—

Huntingdon. That I cannot promise.

Lord Derby. (*Aside.*) Bravo!

Huntingdon. I am master of my tongue but not of my eyes.

Lord Derby. An honorable man governs both.

Huntingdon. And when after honorable combat, he fears that he will be compelled to yield, he flies the danger.

Lord Derby. Shall I think less well of you than I have done?

Huntingdon. That would certainly give me much pain, yet I would rather it should be so, than to yield.

Lord Derby. Hem! hem! I am certainly very unwilling that you should leave me. Your condition certainly places a gulf betwixt you and my daughter—

Huntingdon. I know it.

Lord Derby. But, perhaps, you are of noble blood.

Huntingdon. No.

Lord Derby. Who knows. The name of Huntingdon is old and distinguished?

Huntingdon. Not through me.

Lord Derby. A Huntingdon was made Duke of Exeter, under Richard II. in 1397.

Huntingdon. I have not descended from him.

Lord Derby. Perhaps you may have come in an oblique line.

Huntingdon. It is very doubtful.

Lord Derby. Think for a moment. If you could bring some slight evidence of the fact—I should not be very exacting.

Huntingdon. No, my lord, I cannot. It would, certainly, be an easy matter to fabricate a half dozen certificates of baptism; but leave me my self-respect that my heart may, at least, remain worthy of your daughter.

Lord Derby. (*No longer able to restrain himself.*) You shall have her! no body else, in the world, but you, shall have her.

Huntingdon. My lord—

Lord Derby. Will you not take her, will you not?

Huntingdon. Great heaven! yes—

Lord Derby. Well, you shall have her. For twenty years have I lived upon this desert, in the hope of meeting with a true man. One has arrived at last! and shall I be such a fool as to let him go again!

Huntingdon. Is this a dream!

Lord Derby. A dream is a lie, and with lies I have nothing to do. You have been here four months; during that time I have tried you daily, and have always found you pure. If you are the descendant of a coalman, you shall be Lord Derby's son-in-law.

Huntingdon. Good heaven! through what have I deserved—

Lord Derby. Through your honesty.

Huntingdon. Which has so often locked palaces against me—

Lord Derby. But which, here, opens hearts to you. You have, I doubt not, sometimes thought me eccentric. I played a part with you; for alas! I have been so often deceived that I have been compelled to stoop to such means, in order to unmask men. It was for this reason that I planned such a wretched park; if you had found it beautiful, I should have inscribed your name upon the great list. It was for this reason that I filled my picture gallery with a number of miserable copies; if you had praised them I should have known you, at once, for a flatterer. For this reason have I called a Rembrandt *tolerable*, and a Raphael *not bad*, and, if you had not taken fire, on the occasion, the door would have been open for you. You may recall to your memory many ways in which, during your stay, I have tried you; I am now certain of my position. You desire to go that you may not lead my daughter to bestow upon you what you conceived to be, an improper affection. You would not pretend to a distinguished relationship, in order, by the agency of a falsehood, to become my son-in-law. Therefore you shall have her! you and no other!

Huntingdon. Noble sir, I feel that I should not deserve the good opinion you entertain of me, did I not, at this time, remind you of what the world will say to such a marriage, for your daughter, as you propose.

Lord Derby. That is no concern of mine, but the miserable concern of the world. It may say what it pleases. I shall sit upon my island and not hear it; and even if it reach my ears, what should I care? Shall I, on that account, refuse the happiness of winning a friend—a son, in whom I have unlimited confidence. Confidence! that beautiful blossom of life! The young tree is whitened with it, but how meagre is the yield of fruit in the harvest. To me it is the greatest

earthly happiness to know that I am loved by sincere people—with whom the suspicion of “does he really mean this? does he not say this to please me,” does not present itself with every look and word. With such I can constantly feel the sweet conviction, that, “as he thought so has he spoken.”

Huntingdon. That satisfies you—but your daughter?

Lord Derby. Oh there will be no difficulty in that quarter. And you? Will you, for the first time, deceive me? Have you not read as much in her eyes?

Huntingdon. Love is so apt to flatter itself.

Lord Derby. Her eyes are as true as her tongue. You have read them aright.

Huntingdon. I was so presumptuous as to suspect it, and, even on that account, did I wish to hasten my departure.

Lord Derby. Now you remain here, and forever. Is it not so?—you will not leave this desert until death conducts me into the beautiful land of truth?

Huntingdon. Never,—father!

(Enter EVELINA.)

Lord Derby. You came just in time, Evelina. Our guest will leave us.

Evelina. Will leave us?

Lord Derby. You seem agitated.

Evelina. Yes.

Lord Derby. It grieves you?

Evelina. Yes.

Lord Derby. Bravo! All the London dolls

would, under such circumstances, have affected reserve; but she is my daughter, she speaks as she feels. Evelina there is but one way of keeping him, and that is in your power.

Evelina. Oh then he will certainly stay.

Lord Derby. You must determine to marry him. Well? You seem agitated again?

Evelina. Yes! but—

Lord Derby. But what?

Evelina. Must I say it, dear father?

Lord Derby. Certainly, out with it.

Evelina. It was a joyful agitation.

Lord Derby. That's right.

Huntingdon. Your father's goodness, miss, allows me to entertain the boldest hopes.

Evelina. Yes, my father is very good!

Huntingdon. Do you confirm my happiness?

Evelina. By so doing I only assure my own.

Lord Derby. Well, I call that frankness indeed. But Evelina, you will not get away from the cursed island.

Evelina. Where would I be, rather than with him?

Lord Derby. And with me, I hope.

Evelina. And with my father.

Lord Derby. That came very haltingly, but I will believe it, nevertheless.

Evelina. It is true.

Lord Derby. Let it storm upon the main land, then! Happiness and sincerity find their dwelling-place upon this little island. Three truthful human beings, who love each other! upon a square of four miles! Truly no country in Europe can boast of such a population.